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OLD MAN

OF GREEN

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COLONIAL
AND
OLD HOUSES,
OF
GREENWICH, NEW JERSEY,

BY

BESSIE AYARS ANDREWS,
AUTHOR OF "
"HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF GREENWICH IN OLD COHANSEY"

ILLUSTRATED.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

VINELAND, NEW JERSEY,

1907.

G. E. SMITH, PRINTER,
VINELAND, N. J.

TO THE DESCENDANTS
OF THE
EARLY SETTLERS OF GREENWICH,
AT HOME AND ABROAD,
THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED,
WITH SINCERE RESPECT AND ESTEEM,
BY THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

The great interest in later years to everything pertaining to the early history of our country has been an incentive to write the history of the colonial and old houses of Greenwich.

The old town having been the place of my nativity, and home for many years, it has been my privilege to cross the threshold of many of the ancient houses, some of them the homes of valued friends, from whom I have learned much of the past.

I have prepared the following pages with much care, endeavoring to preserve some of the history of that portion of the past which pertains to the home of the early settler.

From the early records of deeds and wills preserved in the archives of the state, and now accessible by their publication, I have found names and dates not otherwise obtainable. I also wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to the Vineland Historical and Antiquarian Society, for the use of its valuable library.

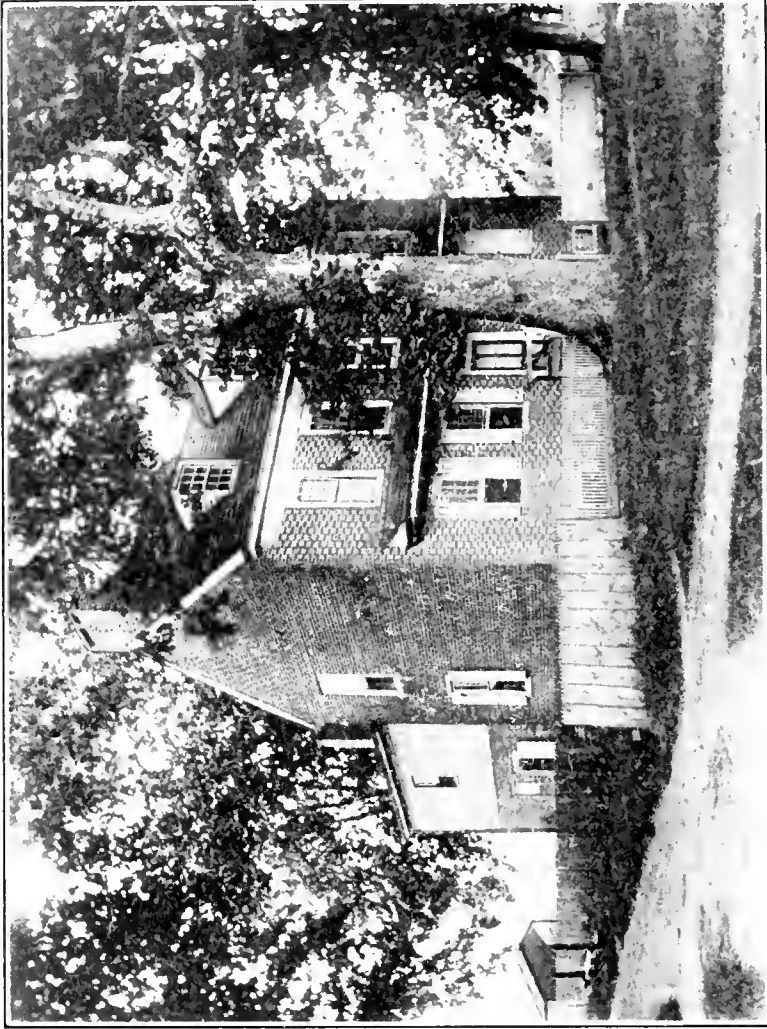
It is hoped that these glimpses of days long gone, and the record of men and women who have made the old houses their dwelling place, may be of interest to the present generation, who should hold as a precious inheritance the memory of their ancestors, the early settlers of Greenwich.

BESSIE AYARS ANDREWS.

VINELAND, NEW JERSEY.

November 1907.

*“By waters side, on lonely road and village street,
'Neath ancient trees, whose sheltering branches meet,
Old houses stand, as they stood long, long ago;
Each one, a mute witness of life's ebb and flow.”*



PHOTOGRAPHED BY CORA JUNE SHEPPARD

THE GIBBON HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

The Gibbon House.

Pleasantly situated on the North side of Cohansey River, a few miles from its entrance into Delaware Bay, is the old town of Greenwich, which has had more than two centuries of existence.

On the broad street of the village, and throughout the Township of Greenwich are a number of Colonial houses still standing and a larger number that have stood a century or more. Time, in its ever forward march and destroying agencies, and man ever striving to ameliorate his environment, have erased many of the primitive ones.

One of the best preserved and most imposing in the village, erected in Colonial days is the Gibbon house. A mere passer by will not notice its great antiquity by its general appearance, but a close observer will see the old fashioned architecture in doors and windows with the narrow shingled roof or awning built over them for protection, and the obsolete style of brick laying, having been laid lengthways and sideways symmetrically in construction.

The style has been called the checker pattern; the red

bricks are said to have been imported from England, and the lighter colored ones were made from the clay on the grounds.

The house was considered elegant at the time of its erection, and was so carefully and substantially built that it has proved a weather proof structure; for the stormy elements have battled against it for one hundred and sixty-seven years without defacing its outward form.

If you enter the interior you will find amplitude and many hints of by gone years; a broad hall with an open stairway leading to the floor above, a large room on each side of the hall; the room on the right from the entrance contains two large corner cupboards arched over the doorways, one of them with glass in the doors, which in the past displayed the imported china or crockery, and glistening pewter which were especially dear to the women of the household. A few steps down from the room at the left of the entrance lead to the kitchen. A large kitchen was considered essential in the days of the Colonies, and was the most cheerful and homelike room in the house; the glowing hearth radiated brightness and warmth from the blazing logs in the wintry season, and the fire dogs usually shone with polished brightness. The King's arm was often suspended over the fire-place. They chatted and entertained a neighbor, cooked and dined, and did a great variety of work in the kitchen.

The great capacity of the kitchen of the Gibbon home-

stead, originally built with its large corner cupboard and brick floor, convinces the visitor of to-day that all the olden time industries our great grandmothers engaged in, such as spinning and weaving, dyeing and carding, sewing and knitting, candle making and such like, were all successfully carried on there, and we feel like pausing and bowing our heads with reverence when we think of all the "Life and death that have come and gone over that threshold of wood and stone."

The Gibbon House was built by Nicholas Gibbon about the year 1730, which he occupied until 1740, then moved to Salem, New Jersey. Nicholas and his brother Leonard Gibbon were devised a large tract of land in West New Jersey by Frances Gibbon, of Bennesdere, England, provided they settle upon it. They were London merchants and men of wealth in a direct line from Edward Gibbon, of New York. They were young men of action and energy and were conspicuous figures in the early history of Greenwich, and did much for the need and prosperity of the incoming settler.

Nicholas was engaged in mercantile business in partnership with Samuel Fenwick Hedge (a great grandson of John Fenwick) and Captain James Gould, the last named being located in New York, while Gibbon kept store in Greenwich.

The Gibbon brothers erected one of the first grist mills in Cohansey, upon the stream called Macanippuck.

Still stands the old mill
At the foot of the hill,
With the stream flowing close by its side.
Much the same as of yore
A hundred years and more
Have passed since the builders died.

The brothers later built a fulling mill on Pine Mount Run, the writer having seen the decaying timbers when a child. The last owner and proprietor was Providence L. Sheppard.

Leonard Gibbon built a stone house a few miles north west of his brothers residence overlooking the waters of the mill-pond; a portion of this structure is still in existence, being utilized by the present owner for barn purposes.

The brothers were Episcopalians and with their means built an Episcopal church on the main street of Greenwich. It was named St. Stephen and consecrated in 1729, but has been entirely obliterated in times passing years.

Nicholas Gibbon moved to Salem in 1740 and became very influential in Salem County. He was appointed Sheriff in 1741 and retained the position until 1748 and in the same year was appointed County Clerk. He was also one of the commissioners of the Loan office for Salem County.

His partner, Samuel Hedge, in the mercantile business, dying in 1731, he married the widow (Anna Grant Hedge.) From this union they had five children: Nicholas, born Nov-

ember 5th, 1732, died July 1st, 1748; Grant, born November 28th, 1734. He was said to be a man of superior education and culture. He was one of the Surrogates of West Jersey, and was appointed a Justice of the Peace in 1759, a Judge in 1762 and again in 1767, and was Clerk of Salem County after his father's death. He was an ardent sympathizer with the American Cause which he evinced in a substantial manner. He was very popular, and at the earnest request of his fellow citizens was appointed the 17th of October, 1774 to solicit funds for the relief of the people of Boston when that port was closed to commerce by the British; he collected 157 pounds, 3 shillings and 2 pence, for the purpose. He was elected to the Assembly in 1772. He died June 27th, 1776 at the early age of forty-two years.

In the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, March 29th, 1759, the following advertisement is found.

TO BE SOLD.

A house and lot in the town of Greenwich, in the County of Cumberland, West New Jersey. The house is of brick, large and well built, two stories high, with a large kitchen. It is conveniently situated for a store, also sixteen acres of woodland and two acres and a half of meadow, within three quarters of a mile of the same.

For title and terms apply to the subscriber, in the town of Salem.

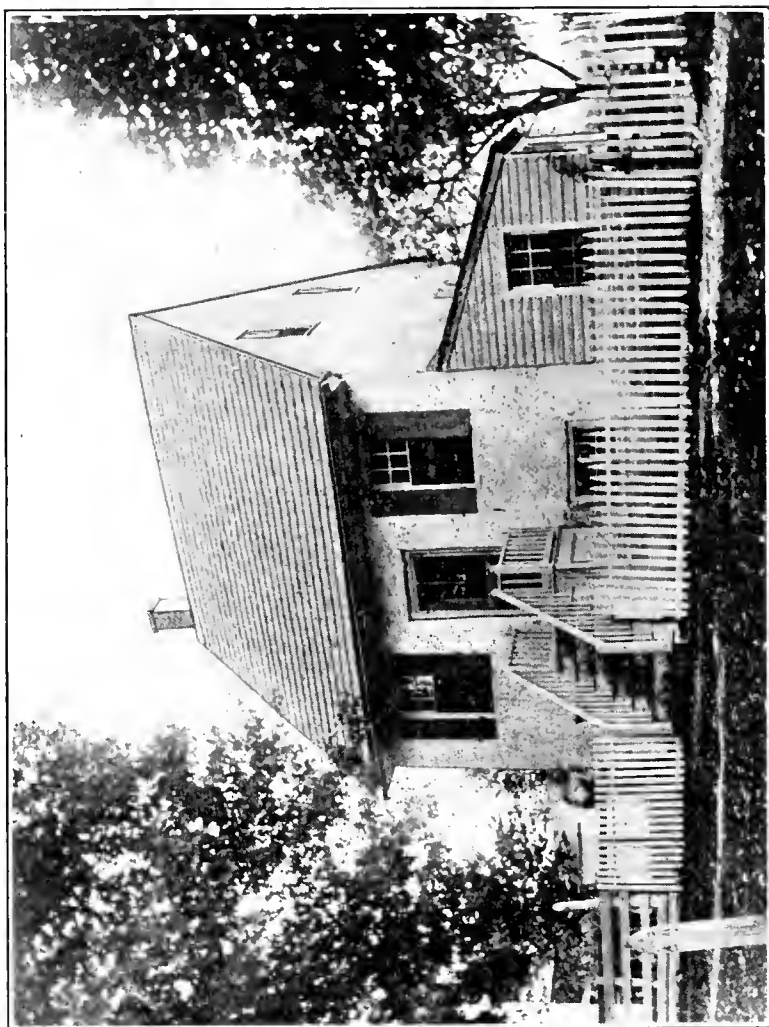
GRANT GIBBON.

The third child born to Nicholas and Anna Gibbon was a daughter, Jane, born May 15th, 1736. She married Robert Johnson, Jun., and was the mother of Col. Robert Gibbon Johnson, the Historian of Salem County. She died August 16, 1815. Her husband died December 28, 1796. Ann, the second daughter and fourth child, was born April 29, 1741, married Judge Edward Weatherby. Frances, born May 14, 1744, died November 1, 1788.

Nicholas Gibbon died February 2, 1758 aged fifty-five years. His widow died March 24, 1760, aged fifty-seven years.

The old Gibbon Mansion stands on the Main Street of Greenwich, almost directly opposite the modern residence of Mrs. Fannie A. Sheppard—known for her many deeds of philanthropy throughout the county.

The house has been in the possession of the Wood family of Philadelphia for many years. Richard Wood, the second, bought the house and land attached, and spent the evening of his days with Mary his second wife, who was the widow of Job Bacon. After her husband's death she remained in the homestead, and her home was considered a resort for her many relatives and friends.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY CORA JUNE SHEPPARD

THE BOND HOUSE.

CHAPTER II.

The Bond House.

There are several old houses on the main street of Greenwich, not far from the landing.

One of interest is a stone house, apparently in good condition, on the eastern side of the "Great Street," which has been in daily use for more than two hundred years. It is said that when the Gibbon brothers came to West Jersey and took possession of their large estate, before they divided their tract of land, this primitive stone house was the first home they occupied; and it is supposed to have been built by them, but the knowledge concerning the builder has not been recorded.

The Episcopal Church that stood in close proximity to this place was built by the brothers, and for a long time, tombstones could be seen back of the house, but have mostly, if not entirely disappeared.

The old house is singular in construction; high steps leading to the front entrance, while beneath are windows, that suggest a basement; there is a long sloping roof and the view from the side, like most of the early houses, indi-

cate room in the interior. There has long been a tradition in the village that the Gibbon brothers built all the early stone houses, and their occupancy of this white stone structure, gives dignity and interest to the building, that so long has withstood the storms of time, and stands erect at the present.

After they built other homes and occupied them, we have no knowledge of who dwelt within its walls, until it became the residence of Dr. Bond, one of the earlier physicians of Greenwich, and is called by the villagers, "The Old Bond House."

Some of the oldest inhabitants have dim recollections of the aged physician, just before his departure to the West.

It is said Dame Fashion never influenced him in his mode of dress, wearing the same style in age, he used in youth; he was very tall and spare, and his short clothes and high boots, gave him a singular appearance to the stranger who saw him for the first time. He was said to have peculiar religious views, seldom entering a church, but regarding the seventh day the Sabbath; the shutters of his office were promptly closed every Saturday, and all business prohibited on his premises.

He gained the universal respect of the citizens of Greenwich, by his integrity of character, his kindness of heart and great sympathy and helpfulness to the sick and distressed; he was very conscientious in regard to money matters, considering interest for money usury, but glad-

ly loaning without interest to those he could trust.

He was business like in all his transactions, even in his proposals for marriage. An old lady resident of Greenwich, who a few years ago in her ninety-fifth year, passed to the great beyond, sometimes related to her friends a proposal of marriage he made to her, when she was a young woman. While passing the house, he opened the door, inviting her in, informing her he wished to see her; on entering, she was much startled by his immediately asking her to marry him, she started directly out, saying No! No! to his urgent appeal.

He was thrice married; his first wife was Rebecca Burr, second Anna Paxton, and third Eliza Brown.

The following obituary was originally published in one of the Bridgeton papers.

“Died on the 3rd inst., Dr. Levi Bond, aged ninety-three years; having spent the greater part of his life in Greenwich, N. J., in the practice of his profession; in the year 1836 he moved to Roseburg, Union County, Indiana,” where as a shock of corn fully ripe for the harvest he was gathered into the garner of God.

His urbanity of manners and integrity of character, gained for him universal respect, and by many to whom when diseased, he was a successful minister and sympathizing friend.”

A short distance south of the Bond house is another of the old early houses, which was known as Judy

Husted's home years ago.

It is thought by some the Historic Tea was stored in the cellar of this house in 1774; standing as it does in front of old Market Lane. According to the tradition of the old residents, the house owned by Dan Bowen, in whose cellar the Tea was stored, stood near the entrance of Market Lane on the south side of the street; this house was occupied for a long time by David Sutton, a shoemaker.

In after years when the ground was plowed where the conflagration of the Tea took place, evidence of the fire was seen by the residents.

In the same vicinity farther north on Greenwich street are two old houses low in their style of architecture, that belong to the remote past. One of them is the Harding homestead and has never passed out of the family. It was owned and occupied for many years by Ercurious Fithian, who married a daughter of John Harding. It is still in the possession of a grand-daughter, Mrs. John Wheaton.

The other one is located on the western side of the street and a part of it was utilized for the Post Office of Greenwich for many years. It was owned by another daughter of John Harding and the two homes were called the homes of the sisters.

As we go north on the eastern side of the street, we soon approach the old residence of the late Hannah Moore Sheppard who died at the advanced age of ninety-two

years—the last of a large family of brothers and sisters, all of whom lived to be aged. This white house makes a fine picture as it stands surrounded by lovely trees and shrubbery; the four quaint glass “Bulls Eyes” over the doorway bespeak of the past and make the house interesting.

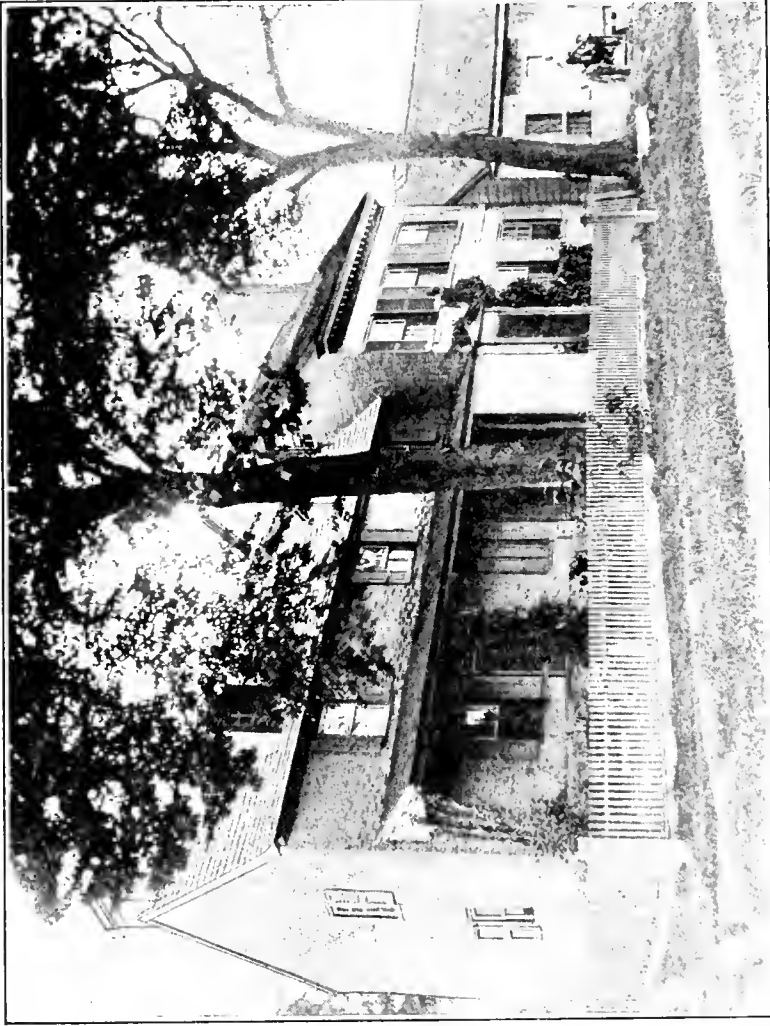
About fifty years ago this home was one of the most attractive in the village; rare palms, exotics, and gay beds of flowers adorned the lawns, creeping vines and climbing roses were artistically trained around the windows and entrance; rare species of cacti with its showy blossoms graced the front porch, while the dark green odorous box bush environed the house and lawn. Dr. Ephraim Holmes, a practicing physician of Greenwich was nearly a life long resident of this home; he was a descendent from the early settler by that name.

Across the street from the Sheppard residence, south, is the home of the late Mary W. Bacon. There has long been a tradition in the village, that the oldest part of Miss Bacon’s home, imprisoned a pirate in the days of piracy, and the people of the village heard the rattling of his chains as they passed the house.

On the main street of the village, in the vicinity of these houses stand a row of stately sycamore trees, whose aged boughs have swayed in the stormy blasts of many winters, and at every returning springtide, the Robin Red-breasts have alighted in the fair branches of the tall trees, mid leaves that sigh and whisper in the wind, and sang

their joyous matin and vesper songs; there are twelve of them in number, standing so close together that they

“Mix their boughs and interlace,
In a slumbrous fond embrace,
While the one wide street runs down
To the wharf at Greenwich town.”



PHOTOGRAPHED BY CORA JUNE SHEPPARD

THE SHEPPARD HOUSE.

CHAPTER III.

The Sheppard House.

There is a fine old brick house at Greenwich wharf or near the bank of the Cohansey river; a portion of the building is of very ancient date, it is thought to have been built,

When the Indian brave
Steered his bark o'er the wave,
And roamed the forest at will.

The primitive part is of medium size, but additions have been made to the original from time to time by the different owners, and to-day stands a large brick mansion, situated at the beginning of the "Great Street" and the junction of the river.

There are wooden buildings attached to the house as you go towards the wharf, that in the past have been utilized as store and residence.

The river as in old colonial days affords easy communication to Philadelphia. The writer well remembers with friends sitting on the steps of the lower house, watching and waiting for the steamer as it made its way through

the crooked reaches of old Cohansey; suddenly emerging from behind a strip of woodland in full view to our longing eyes, then entirely disappearing until the short blasts of the whistle and the splash of the paddle wheels informed us of its nearness to the landing.

This homestead stands on the sixteen acre lot originally bought by Mark Reeve the emigrant, who came from the mother country in the "Griffin" with John Fenwick. He bought the lot August 9, 1686, the second lot sold by the executors of Fenwick, in laying out the town afterwards called Greenwich.

Fenwick's executors were William Penn, then Governor of Pennsylvania, John Smith, Samuel Hedge and Richard Tyndal, the last three were each to have five hundred acres of land for their trouble.

It has been said that Mark Reeve built the oldest part of the present house, but there were wooden buildings upon the lot, that have long ago passed into oblivion, and the house that he built, and made his home for a few years, it is quite possible was one of them. He was a man of much ability, and became a large land owner; he purchased a plantation in Mannington, where he resided until after Fenwick's death. He sold the lot in 1689 to Joseph Browne, reserving a burial lot where his wife was buried; he then purchased a large tract of land south of Cohansey river. His death occurred November, 1694.

Joseph Browne was a man of affluence; he was en-

gaged in mercantile business in Philadelphia before coming to Greenwich, and it is supposed he continued in trade, as he owned the wharf, and a full rigged sloop valued at £180. At his death in 1711 his inventory included dry goods, groceries and hardware.

He left 142 ounces of silver plate valued at £64. 11 sh. 8 p. six negro slaves £220. an Indian boy £40. His property in real estate was considerable including three houses.

After his death, his son Joseph Browne, Jun., conveyed the lot to Thomas Chalkley, an eminent minister among the society of Friends, who married his mother in 1714. In 1738 he sold the lot to John Butler, who sold it to Thomas Mulford, in a short time Mulford sold it to William Connover, and in the year 1760 he sold it to John Sheppard; it remained in the Sheppard family until nearly the close of the nineteenth century.

The lot is full of historic interest. A short distance north stands the orthodox meeting house, which was established at an early period in the settlement of the place. Mark Reeve, William Bacon, James Duncan and others made application for assistance to the Salem meeting, to build a meeting house. The first building was a primitive log structure; the location was chosen to accommodate the Friends on both sides of the river. The meeting increased largely in its membership, as the settlers came, and the land taken in the region of the Cohansey river. Many Quakers came to West Jersey, fleeing from

persecution in England, assisted by William Penn. In after years it was deemed necessary to build the brick meeting house, which has remained until the present time.

The old deed for the ground where the meeting house stands, is dated December 25, 1693.

“Joseph Browne of the town of Greenwich, upon Cæsaria alias Cohansey river, Salem County, Yeoman to Charles Bagley, for a lot fifty feet wide on the street, and fifty-five feet long, between grantors dwelling house and his barn, for a meeting house and grave yard of the people in scorn called Quakers who worship God in spirit and in truth.”

Free from creed, from ceremony or ritual. Free from tyranny, oppression or imprisonment, that followed the adherents of George Fox in the mother country. When the quiet Sabbath dawned upon them, they assembled in the small meeting house, with the peaceful Cohansey on one side of them ever flowing onward to the sea, and God's first temples standing in their native grandeur around and about them, to worship in spirit and in truth, “for the Father seeketh such to worship him.”

The influence of this meeting became great throughout the country and early in the eighteenth century was denominated the school of the prophets. There were many minister members of Greenwich monthly meeting which were considered eloquent in their discourse, and it is said they were living examples of their precepts.

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Mark, John and Benjamin Reeve, grandsons of Mark Reeve, were recommended ministers of the Greenwich Monthly Meeting, as also, was the noted James Daniels, who travelled not only in this country, but England and Ireland in the ministry.

Thomas Chalkley who for more than forty years, travelled and preached among the Friends, occasionally visited Greenwich and held meetings there; in 1724 he was accompanied by Thomas Lightfoot and Benjamin Kid who spoke to the people.

In his journal of 1726 he mentions the malignant distemper which had prevailed at Cohansie, from which more than seventy persons had died; he continued his visits until the infirmities of age prevented, having as travelling companions James Lord, John Evans, Elizabeth Stephens and others who assisted him in his labors.

In later years there were eminent men who were habitual in their attendance at the Greenwich Meeting, among the most prominent were Clarkson Sheppard the son of John and Mary Sheppard, who was an esteemed minister of the society of Friends, and Dr. George B. Wood, whose marble bust graces the Library of the University of Pennsylvania, with an inscription beneath that tells of his great life work in the study of *Materia Medica* for the benefit of humanity. Dr. Wood was born in Greenwich and in his youth, and in after years when residing at his summer residence, was a regular attendant

at the Greenwich Meeting.

To-day the meeting house is seldom used for a gathering, but it stands as a memory of the past,

“When ancient farmers with their dames,

Maidens with quaint, pleasing names;
 Pallid cheek and cheek of rose
 Smooth alike in calm repose;
 Tresses braided shyly down
 Over eyes of clearest brown,—
 Broad brimmed hats, and bonnets gray
 'Neath the branches trod their way
 To this meeting house that stands
 Overlooking fertile lands.”

The old homestead was in the possession of the Sheppard family for more than a century; the Sheppards settled in old Cohansey at an early date and became very numerous. It is said there were four brothers, David, Thomas, John and James, who came to America from Tipperary, Ireland.

They resided in Shrewsbury, East Jersey for a time; about 1683 they settled south of the Cohansey River, formerly called Shrewsbury Neck.

It is thought the name Sheppard implies that they were of English descent.

John Sheppard was a descendant of Thomas Sheppard the emigrant; he was a prominent member of the Cohansey Meeting; his descendants were numerous, and the last

lineal descendant that occupied the homestead was Philip Garrett Sheppard who died in the last decade of the nineteenth century; he was buried in the enclosed Sheppard burial ground back of the old meeting house. Philip's mother's maiden name was Margaret Garrett and she belonged to one of the oldest English families that first settled in Pennsylvania; their forefather came in the vessel with William Penn and landed at Chester in 1682.

After the death of Philip G. Sheppard, the property was again sold. At this period of the twentieth century, the house and sixteen acre lot are in the possession of Isaac Ridgeway; who with his wife, a model for good housekeeping, make the old homestead an ideal residence.

In the roomy interior the modern furnishings blend harmoniously with the corner cupboard, narrow casement or broad door, that are reminders of its antiquity, and add much to its attractiveness.

In front of the house are ample grounds with fine views of "Old Cohansey River" with its tidal ebb and flow, winding through its reedy shores and marshes on its way to the Delaware.

A road from the "Great Street" passes by the front of the house through the grounds to the landing, where in olden time a ferry crossed the river conveying travelers and teams. Many crossed to attend the Quaker Meeting and the Presbyterian Church at the head of Greenwich.

It is said the son of Rev. Daniel Elmer passed by the Fairfield Church, where his father was pastor, crossed the river and attended Rev. Andrew Hunter's church as he favored the "New Lights."

It was at this landing December 1774, the brig Greyhound under command of Captain Allen, with a cargo of tea, destined for Philadelphia, anchored. Fearing some opposition, he had the tea stealthily conveyed and stored in the cellar of Dan Bowen's house, near the open market-square. On the evening of December 22, it was taken out and burned by some of the patriotic citizens of Cumberland County, disguised as Indians.

In the summer of 1748 when the French and Spanish privateers, after capturing our vessels, entered Delaware Bay, came up along the Jersey side, placed twenty-seven prisoners in a boat and landed them at Cohansey.

CHAPTER IV.

Bacon's Adventure.

In the vicinity of Bacon's Neck, we find houses dating back one hundred years, and a few still standing that were built in colonial days.

These necks of land lying south and west of the village of Greenwich, between the town and river, are divided into farms; most of them are fertile and productive.

They are bordered by the marshes of the river. The marshes yield a fine salt hay, which is cut and stacked by the energetic farmer in August or September, then later drawn to the farms, and used as a fodder and fertilizer, making the soil rich and productive when used freely. In February and March the stubble of the marshes is burned all along the shore, in order to make a better yield of hay the coming season. The fires can be seen many miles, as they lighten the horizon, they have been called storm lights in Pittsgrove and northern townships; as the air becomes smoky and is followed by copious rains.

A ride is charming through the made roads of the marshes in May or June when the grass takes on its rich

velvety shade of green, waving softly in the summer breeze, and stretching along the margin of the river, as far as the eye can see, with nothing to break the green sward but the small streams flowing through.

Samuel Bacon, a Quaker and a seaman of East Woodbridge, New Jersey, was the first settler in Bacon's Neck. He bought of John Adams and wife Elizabeth (a daughter of John Fenwick) two hundred and sixty acres, November 22, 1682. He became a large land owner along the Cohansey River, and the neck still bears his name. The early settler like the Indian settled along the sea coast and the shores of navigable rivers.

Samuel Bacon later bought of "Shawkamum and Ethoe, Indian proprietors of the land called Ca-ta-nan-gut, near Cohansey or Delaware River, 400 acres, between a fast landing on Cohansey Creek called Young's Neck, and hereafter Bacon's Adventure. The deed dated June 25: 1683."

The consideration for the 400 acres conveyed to the Indians was "two coats of Dussols, three blankets, two handfuls of powder, six bars of lead, two shirts, two knives, two pairs of stockings, two looking glasses, two hoes, two axes, two needles, two awls, one gun, one gilder in wampum and two pairs of scissors."

The deed is made of stiff parchment bearing the mark of the Indians; the seals being of leather, with red sealing wax attached.

In 1905 a farm on the Bacon tract being sold by one of the lineal descendants of Samuel Bacon, the antiquated deed was brought to light in the transfer of property.

We learn in 1688 he added 360 acres to his possessions, adjoining George Haslewood and Elinor Lewis, (a spinster), on the north side of Cæsaria alias Cohansey River. He gave William Bacon, a planter of the same place, 100 acres, a part of the 360 acres he bought of John Adams, May 21, 1688.

The forests of centuries growth were waiting for the pioneer's axe, to change the lofty tree to man's uses.

The sturdy Bacon made use of the natural resources to develop his primitive home and farm; making peaceful deals with the Indians, who left their native haunts with reluctance, but were so attracted with the white man's apparel and implements, they were willing to barter their lands to possess them.

He not only cleared the land for his interest, but for those that followed him. Time like an ever rolling stream bears each generation away. They leave their impress upon wood and stone, they have wrought into abodes, which are voices of the past to living generations.

Samuel Bacon's first home must have been a log dwelling, as it was the first house constructed in a wooded country. The descendants of the settler built more substantially and later a large brick house was built on the tract, having servant's quarters; the brick was made

from clay on the place.

An incident that occurred at this place during the Revolutionary war, has been handed down from generation to generation. When the British held possession of Philadelphia, they sent their soldiers into the Delaware and its tributaries, to weaken the American military stations, and invade along the shores.

One day an old servant of the Bacon family called Peggy, saw the British landing a short distance from the home. She gave the alarm that the "Red Coats" were coming. Phebe Bacon the daughter, took the baby William from the cradle and ran to Gross's hill, near Roadstown, where she met her parents and returned with them.

They were gone when they arrived, had committed no depredations, only had taken some cattle and returned to their boats.

We give an extract of a letter from an American Officer in Cumberland County, West New Jersey, May 6, 1776.

"This serves to inform you of an alarm we had about eleven o'clock this day, of a party of regulars, landing on Tindall's Island in Bacon's Neck, about four miles from Greenwich; supposed to be about thirty in number; shooting down the cattle, taking them on board, etc., whereupon I called the militia together as soon as possible, and upon our appearance, a gun was fired from on board one of

the vessels, for them to repair on board, which they did with the greatest precipitation. Our men pursued so closely that we were near taking three of them prisoners, one of whom left an excellent musket behind which we got with some cartridges.

They hollowed to our men to go on board the King Fisher, and they would pay for the beef. It is supposed they took off between 20 and 30 head of cattle, 5 they left dead on the shore, and wounded many others, which with all the others we have drove from the water side. They have taken this morning a shallop belonging to Daniel Richards, bound from Philadelphia to Morris river, but the hands escaped to shore.”—“*Pennsylvania Journal and Weekly Advertiser*. May 8, 1776.”

This colonial house on the Bacon tract was destroyed by fire, at the time of the civil war. When the house was burned it was in the possession of James H. Bacon, a descendant of Samuel Bacon in a continuous line. Mr. James Bacon was a man of culture and refinement; a faithful member and supporter of the Greenwich Presbyterian Church, acting officially as elder for many years; he also ably filled the position of chorister until failing health caused his resignation. His son, Henry Bacon, at the present time owns a part of Bacon's Adventure, and resides near the site of the colonial house.

From the second story windows of his residence can be seen

“Many a sail of sunlit snow,
Bearing its precious cargo through
The far distant shimmering blue.”

There was an old family burying ground on the farm, a few stones have been preserved.

A half mile or so east of Henry Bacon's home stands a house, a century old and more. It was occupied by William Bacon and his descendants, the higher part was added to the lower in 1812.

A few miles south of the Bacon farm is the Hall home-
stead. A large brick house with the date 1785 and the initials of the builder, “G. S. D.” on the exterior.

The brick in building was burned on the farm, and the walls are said to be fifteen inches thick; a quart of apple jack was placed in the walls while in construction.

We are told that one of the hod carriers was so strong he carried ninety bricks at a time in building the house—equivalent to 450 lbs.

The interior is spacious, with large airy rooms, high ceilings, high mantels over large fireplaces; suspended over one of the mantels is a large powder horn, with the date of 1787 upon it, having a small horn measure attached. The present owner knows little of its history, but it is thought to have been a horn from one of the cattle raised upon the place, and preserved in that form. A large mahogany sideboard built in the parlor is an interesting feature of the room, having a shelf that can be drawn for

the decanter and glasses, as was the custom in those days to pass a stimulating cordial to the visitor, or at social gatherings.

This mansion was built by Gabriel S. Davis who married Sarah, the daughter of Ebenezer Miller, Sr. His father owned a large tract of excellent land in Bacon's Neck, and he became heir to his father's possessions. They were distinguished members of the Greenwich Quaker Meeting.

Gabriel Davis was a very benevolent man. He frequently assisted young men of little means to start in business, and was a blessing to the poor and needy around him.

In his will he devised the greater part of his landed estate to his nephew, Ebenezer Hall. The homestead and farm are still in the possession of one of his descendants, John H. Hall.

Across the fields fronting the Hall homestead and facing the Central Railroad stands another brick residence, very similar in construction to the other houses in Bacon's Neck, built one hundred years ago or more. A lower and a higher part, with an entrance from the street from both parts. In the lower part was the large living room, sitting room, dining room and kitchen combined. On the first floor of the higher part was the sacred parlor, which contained the best furnishings of the household, rarely opened—only on state occasions, and to the casual visitor.

Our grandparents when they visited relatives or friends, arrived at an early hour in the afternoon, and the women always carried their sewing or knitting; and the garment was being made or the stocking grew, as they chatted and visited. Usually on the second floor over the parlor was the spare chamber, dedicated to visitors. This room contained the four post bedstead with its snowy canopy, decorated with hanging fringes. Over the huge feather bed, made of the softest downy goose feathers, were spread the home spun linen sheets and woollen blankets, then a patchwork bedquilt made in designs of exquisite needle work. The lower part of the bed was covered around with a valance.

The last mentioned house is known as the Sheppard homestead, but was built by a man by the name of Bacon, and was the birthplace of Daniel Maskell Sheppard, who was a former merchant and townsman of the village of Greenwich. He was a descendant of John Sheppard, the emigrant. His grandmother was Hannah Maskell, a descendant of Thomas Maskell, who was one of the grantors of the site for the Greenwich Presbyterian Church. Mr. Sheppard was a man of sterling integrity and a faithful attendant and liberal supporter of the church that was founded by his ancestor. At the time of his death he was one of the largest land owners in Greenwich township, and was universally respected and mourned. His tenants found in him a sympathizing friend, as desirous

of promoting their interests as his own.

A short distance south from the Sheppard home is a rough cast house. It was known originally as the Brown homestead. A portion of it dates back to colonial days, and was built by Jonathan Brown, of whom there are no descendants in Greenwich township at the present time.

About a half mile south of the Hall homestead, nearer Bayside, stands the old colonial, gambrel roofed Dennis house. It was built by Philip Dennis. He is supposed to have been the son of Jonathan Dennis, who died in 1720, having three sons, Philip, Charles and Samuel. Philip and Hannah Dennis owned large tracts of land in Bacon's Neck. Philip's Creek bears his name.

An oven still remains in this house that baked many loaves of bread for the Revolutionary soldiers. Philip Dennis afterward moved to Greenwich, where he built a stone plastered house, off of the Main Street, on the road to Bacon's Neck. It is now owned and occupied by the heirs of Smith Tomlinson. On the west side of the building are the initials "P. H. D. 1765." This house has been so well preserved and cared for by the owners, that its antiquity is not apparent to the casual observer.

Westerly from the Hall homestead we find another brick mansion, apparently located near the centre of a tract of 296 acres. The building of the house dates back to 1800. Its capacious rooms, large windows and doors with brass knockers are suggestive of colonial

days. The kitchen of the house is very large. We were told that in the olden time, the oxen used on the farm were trained to enter the kitchen and draw the back log to the fireplace.

The house with English Ivy clinging to its walls is charmingly situated, almost environed by grand and lofty trees. A pleasing landscape fronting the homestead, extends many miles, dotted here and there with a farm house, a tall cedar or a sycamore.

The western boundary of the tract is a strip of woodland, where the Oak and Pine their branches entwine, and the Maple hangs its corals in the spring, and the leaf of the Christmas Holly grows to perfection, as its habitat is the sea coast. In the open fields near the woodland is an aged tree, in whose branches the fish hawks have built a large nest, where they have reared their young for many years.

From this home there are fine views of the blue waters of the bay, and you can catch many a gleam of the snowy sails, and sometimes see the smoke stack of an ocean steamer whose destination is a port on a foreign shore.

The building of the house was commenced by a man whose name was Sheppard; having died before completion, it was bought and finished by Mrs. Mary White. Her maiden name was Thompson. She first married Thomas Sheppard. Her second husband was Samuel

Silvers. Their son Thomas Silvers was an inventor; his most noted invention was a steam governor. Her third husband was William White. There is a romance said to be connected with Mrs. White in Revolutionary days. When the soldiers marched on Greenwich street, they were much admired by the village maidens, and some of them laughingly selected their husbands; she is said to have married her selection.

There was a wharf on the place where vessels landed some of the material for building. The farm for a long time was in possession of the Harmers. At present is owned by Morris Goodwin whose wife is a daughter of Mark Harmer, the former owner.

As we take the main road and go south again, past the Bacon Neck school house, we soon enter Tappan's Lane. Jacob Tappan early settled in Bacon's Neck; evidently the lane was named from him or his descendants.

We can see from this locality two colonial houses in what was formerly called "Seventh Day Lane," they were built by some of the early Sheppards, probably David, and some time in the last hundred years have been owned and occupied by men by the name of Caleb Sheppard.

The well known resident of Shiloh, Caleb Henry Sheppard is a descendant of one of these families.

They were Sabbatarians and regular attendants of the Seventh Day Baptist Church in the village of Shiloh.

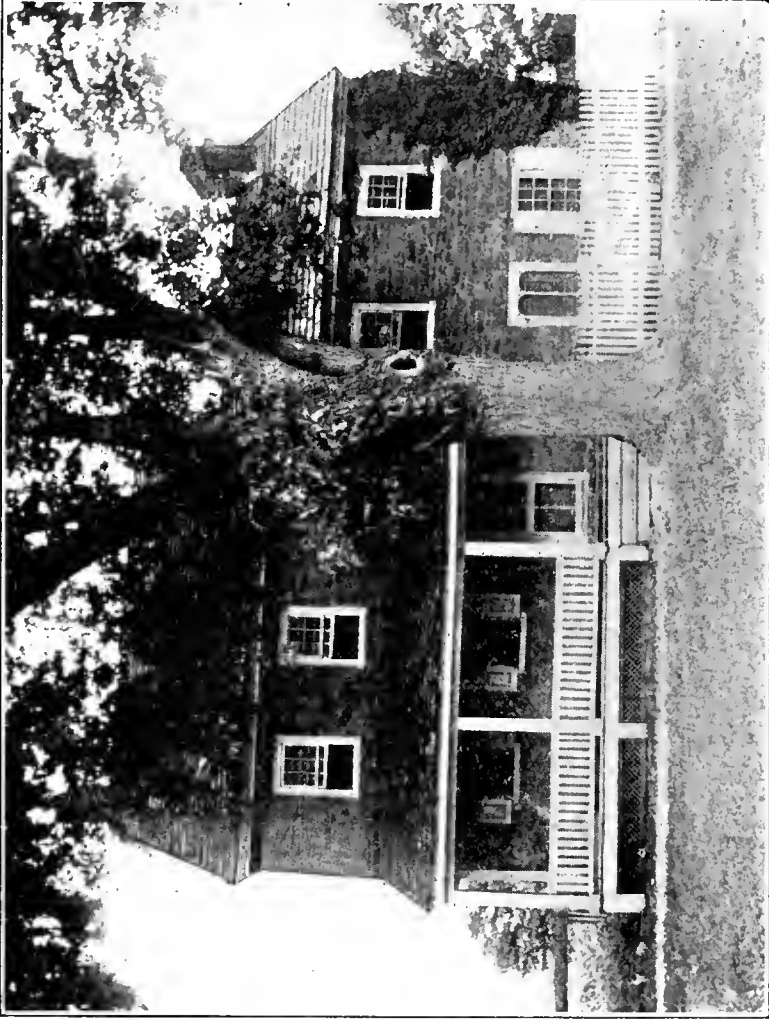
The house nearest the bay was built to face the water,

and is owned by Franklin Maul, an extensive land owner, and resident of the village of Greenwich. The other is in the possession of Edwin Glaspell.

There are trees with aged boughs slowly decaying on the Bacon tract; some are used for landmarks, and are thought to have belonged to the original forest when John Fenwick settled along the Delaware and its tributaries.

Fenwick purchased the land while in England, and was a legal owner, but policy and a sense of justice incited him to make compensation to the native Indians.

In 1675 seventh day and ninth month he made a deal with old King Mohawskey and his chiefs: "Myopponey, Allowayes, Saccutorey, Neconis, and his mother Neccossheseo, Monnutt and other Indians, for the land along Game or Forcus Creek, (now Salem), Delaware River." Then we find he made another deal with old "King Mohawskey and other Indians, 1675, sixth day of twelfth month for the land called, Little and Great Cohansick along Delaware River, between the mouth of Cannahocink Creek, and Weehatquack Creek, next to Cohansey River, which a part of the land in 1683 became "Bacon's Adventure."



PHOTOGRAPHED BY CORA JUNE SHEPPARD

THE OLD TAVERN.

CHAPTER V.

The Old Stone Tavern.

In the colonies the tavern, wayside inn or ordinaire, as sometimes called was an institution of much importance. Not only were they for the entertainment of the traveller, or a stopping place for the stage coach to change horses and continue their long tiresome journeys, but they seemed to be a necessity to the old time villages.

They were news depots, where it was the custom of the men to meet and discuss the latest news of country, city or village.

The landlord was usually the most popular man of the village and supposed to be the best informed.

In far famed old New England with its granite hills, at one time the tavern was erected near the meeting house and served as a noon or "Sabba-day house." The noon house was sometimes attached to the meeting house where the congregations gathered between services for warmth and to partake of their noontide lunch. If the tavern was near the meeting house our Puritan forefathers and mothers after enduring the icy cold of a wintry day, at the conclu-

sion of the morning service, which usually consisted of painfully long prayers, sermons and psalm singing, were glad to repair to the tavern where they found warmth and cheer. The women often carried foot stoves, but the coals of fire they contained seldom lasted until the conclusion of the service.

At the tavern they partook of their refreshment with more comfortable surroundings in preparation for the afternoon meeting. Sometimes the landlord of the establishment was a Deacon of the meeting house. The clergy of that remote period, and all the people sipped the popular toddy, punch or flip, and the New England rum was indispensable in every family, although a drunkard was condemned and considered as reprehensible as at the present time. "At an ministers ordination in New England in 1785 eighty persons attending the morning service drank thirty large bowls of punch before going to meeting, and during the entire day, there were seventy-four bowls of punch, eighteen bottles of wine, eight of brandy, and a quantity of cherry rum drank by the people in attendance." Many of the descendants of these sturdy New Englanders settled in "Old Cohansey," and a goodly number in Greenwich, and naturally brought their customs with them.

In the old Stone Tavern on the main street of the village, almost directly facing the lower road to Bacon's Neck, in colonial days, could be found these old popular beverages.

Punch was sweetened liquors prepared with many flavors, and was served in large bowls, some of the bowls are still preserved by the residents of the village. Toddy was made of sweetened liquors and hot water and was served in large tumblers.

The ingredients of flip were home brewed ale, sugar and jamaica rum. It was usually heated with an iron stick, called a loggerhead, which was placed in the live coals, until it became red hot, then thrust into the mixture, making it boil and seethe, and giving it a burnt, bitter taste, which was considered palatable; then a mug of flip was ready for the thirsty traveller or flip lover. It was usually served in a pewter mug. Metheglin was another of those old time popular drinks, which consisted of a mixture of sugar and honey.

In Salem, New Jersey, in 1729, the tavern prices for liquors was regulated by the court as follows:

A rub of punch made with double refined sugar and one and a half gills of rum, - - - - - 9d.

A rub of punch made with single refined sugar and one and a half gills of rum, - - - - - 8d.

A rub made of Muscovado sugar and one and a half gills of rum, - - - - - 7d.

A quart of flip made of a pint of rum, - - - 9d.

A pint of wine, - - - - - 1sh.

A gill of rum, - - - - - 3d.

A quart of strong beer, - - - - - 4d.

A gill of brandy or cordial,	-	-	-	-	6d.
A quart of metheglin,	-	.	-	-	9d.
A quart of cider royal,	-	-	-	-	8d.
A quart of cider,	-	-	-	-	4d.
One gill of rum,	-	-	-	-	3d.
A gill of brandy or cordial,	-	-	-	-	6d.
A pint of wine,	-	-	-	-	1sh.

Most of these drinks originated in India, and were brought to this country. The wisdom of the present age denounce these insinuating beverages, which, though pleasant to the taste, the after effects prove more harmful than beneficial; thus verifying the scriptural text "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

The old Stone Tavern is another building in the village that belongs to the remote past. It is not in ruins nor in a dilapidated condition, but has been remarkably preserved considering its great age. It has long since been abandoned in its use as a tavern, and in these latter days, is used as a residence.

The quaint old tap room with its verandah in front, remains much the same as it did when the weary, way-worn horseback traveller from Salem or the country thereabouts, with wife pillioned on the back of the saddle, found rest and refreshment, before crossing the ferry on their journey to New England town; or the Revolutionary officer, or soldier assuaged his thirst, as the

militia after the drill, gathered within and around its walls.

Many of "Old Cohanseys" brave and noble sons enlisted in the Revolutionary war and filled every position, on land and sea, from brigadier general to private. Time like distance displays to us their true value, as they left the plow and home, to sacrifice their health and lives for patriotism.

They were tired of the arbitrary acts of the mother country, to them it was liberty or death. If they escaped the cannon ball in battle, they came home with camp fever or some disease that sent them to a premature grave.

As we enter the old cemetery of Greenwich, and others of West Jersey, where these immortal heroes have slept for many years—comrade side by side—many of them having no stone to mark their place of burial, we feel we are treading on sacred ground; and hope the time will come when monuments will be erected with inscriptions, that shall tell future generations where sleep our heroes who assisted in delivering us from English tyranny, and gave us our own Columbia

"The queen of the world
And the child of the skies."

We find recorded that Jeremiah Bacon, an inn holder, bought a sixteen acre lot adjoining Edward Hurlburt, June 1st; 1696.

The courts were held in Greenwich four times a year, appointed by Governor Belcher. They were held in the

Presbyterian Church and the tavern.

At the March term of court in 1716 the granting of license began, they were granted to Jacob Ware in Greenwich, 1728, 1729, 1741, 1742; William Watson 1733—1742; James Canuthers 1737—1739; John Foster, 1737; Fitz Randolph 1739; John Butler 1741—1742.

These figures give evidence that there was more than one hostelry in Greenwich.

John Butler is said to have kept a tavern at the wharf as he owned the property at one time.

The old stone plastered house now in possession of Jeremiah Jones on the opposite side of the street from his residence at North Greenwich, dates back to colonial days and was used as a tavern at one period of its history. It was built by Samuel Ewing, and at one time owned by George Githens, which gave it the name of the "Githens place."

It is said in 1748 when the court convened in the old stone tavern the last time before taken to Cohansey Bridge, the opposing party gave vent to their disapproval by kicking their chairs and glasses and a general riot ensued.

Beckly Carl was landlord of the tavern it is thought previous to Charles Davis, who was proprietor about one hundred years ago. He was father of Edmund Davis who was the popular landlord of Davis' Hotel in Bridgeton for a number of years.

Then later John Miller became a landlord for a time, of whom Captain Charles Miller a townsman of the village is a descendant.

These later years the building is in the possession of the Wood family of Philadelphia. It was owned by Dr. George B. Wood, whose handsome brick residence is on the west side of the street. The old Wood homestead is on the same side of the street farther south; a low gambrel roofed house, near the residence of Captain Charles Miller.

The Woods were numerous and highly respected citizens of the village; Richard Wood the second of that name, was a cooper by trade. He was the grandfather of Dr. George B. Wood and lived in the old homestead.

In later years the Wood house was occupied by a man named May, who was considered by the villagers a great pedestrian, walking to Bridgeton every morning, where he was working and returning in the evening, and occasionally walking to Philadelphia, he is remembered by some of the oldest residents.

CHAPTER VI.

The Jithian House.

There are three roads from the main street of Greenwich to Sheppard's Mills, as they were formerly called; they are usually known throughout the county by the name of the owner. About half way to the mills, back from the middle road is an old unpretentious house; approached from the road by a long lane. If the age of the place could be determined by two colossal sycamores that shade the house, we would say it was centuries old; they are like two high sentinels, with immense trunks and wide spreading branches, guarding the old house.

There were originally three of them but one was destroyed by lightning many years ago. The tree receiving the bolt probably saved the house from destruction.

The architecture of the house is similar to the others already described built in the days of the colonies; the living rooms are on the ground floor, with a few steps leading to the higher part.

This place is of great interest to many as it was the



PHOTOGRAPHED BY CORA JUNE SHEPPARD

THE FITHIAN HOUSE.

home of Philip Vicar Fithian. He was born December 29, 1747. It is supposed in the original part of the structure which still remains, he first opened his eyes to the dawn of day, and began to grow; and as he grew to years of understanding, he began to imbibe the religious training of his devoted and pious mother; she prayerfully taught him the Holy Scriptures and planted within his bosom the seeds of holiness, which afterwards blossomed bright and vernal¹ in his daily walk of life.

As Philip advanced in years he began his school life in Greenwich—possible at the old Quaker stone school house which was within walking distance of his home. This school building was torn down about fifty years ago, because of its great age and wornout condition. It stood near the Quaker burying ground and was enclosed by a rail fence; the entrance was by stile.

A new frame school building was erected on the site of the old one but as Quakerism began to decline in the village, and the new public school building was built on the opposite side of the street; a Quaker school could not be supported and the school house was changed into a residence.

About a half a mile farther north stands an old stone school house which has outlived its usefulness as a school building and is called the Town Hall, as it is solely used for town purposes.

It was located near the old Mulford residence, which

was destroyed by lightning a few years ago.

The building was commenced in 1810 and it is said the militia of the War of 1812, assembled within its walls and drilled on the grounds, before it was fully equipped as a school house.

As Philip grew into young manhood, he became very studious, and began to enshrine the golden passing hour, by transmitting his thoughts and deeds, and the most important events to paper, keeping a daily journal, which became characteristic through the remainder of his short life. Its preservation has been of intrinsic value in unlocking the history of the past.

In his twentieth year he began studying Latin under the tuition of Rev. Enoch Green, of Deerfield. Under his instruction and that of Rev. Andrew Hunter—with whom he was a general favorite—he prepared for college. He graduated from the College of New Jersey in 1772. At Princeton he frequently met Miss Elizabeth Beatty, who was the fairest of women to Philip; whom he afterward married; whose acquaintance he had formed at the old brick parsonage at Deerfield, where she frequently visited her sister, Mrs. Green.

Soon after graduation he secured a position as tutor in the family of Colonel Robert Carter, an aristocratic gentleman of Westmoreland County, Virginia, who was a large land owner and lived in a style approaching the grandeur of the mother country; he creditably filled the position for

more than a year.

As we read his journal, we get flashlights of the real man, and his ideals; the ideal is the mysterious ladder that enables the soul to attain greater heights and take a stronger hold of the Infinite; for the true and absolute ideal is God.

He had a clear Christ vision for the redemption of the world and his desire was to preach the gospel, and presents himself to the Presbytery for examination for the ministry in 1773. In his journal he introduces us to many of the old inhabitants, and unconsciously displays his gallantry as he assists the Boyd and Ewing girls and others of his acquaintance to alight in the saddle; he speaks of Amy Ewing's marriage to Robert Pattison who afterward became celebrated in affairs of state and country.

He describes the sudden tempest accompanied with lightning and thunder after a long drought; and we who are natives of the old town and have passed through so many similar gusts of wind and storm, find his descriptions very real and can almost feel the sting of that pestiferous insect, the mosquito, as swarms gather around him as he crosses the ferry to attend the ordination of Mr. Holinshead, at the Fairfield Church.

He was licensed by the Presbytery of Philadelphia, December 6, 1774, and supplied the vacancies of West Jersey during the winter. He also served as a missionary on the Pennsylvania frontier.

He was married to Elizabeth Beatty, October 25, 1775.

In 1776 he was appointed chaplain in the Revolutionary Army. After some months of service he fell a victim to dysentery, brought on by exposure in camp, and died October 8, 1776.

The Fithians are one of the oldest families of Cumberland County. They are of English descent. William Fithian, the first person in this country by that name, settled in East Hampton, Long Island, in 1640. He had two sons, Enoch and Samuel. Josiah, the second son of Samuel, settled in Greenwich. He married Sarah Dennis, November 7, 1706, a daughter of Philip Dennis the Quaker preacher. Their sixth son, Joseph, married Hannah Vickers. Philip Vickers Fithian was Joseph and Hannah's eldest son.

At the death of his parents who died in a few days of each other, Philip inherited the farm and home.

There is in possession of Mrs. Mary A. Mulford, of Bridgeton, New Jersey, a deed of transmission, made in 1788, from Joel Fithian and Elizabeth, his wife, to Amos Fithian, and the deed states this land became the property of Elizabeth Fithian, the present wife of Joel Fithian, by the will of Philip V. Fithian, dated July 2, 1776, and Philip received it as heir at law by his father, Joseph Fithian.

Elizabeth Beatty Fithian, the widow of Philip V. Fithian, married his cousin, Joel, and their youngest son was Dr. Enoch B. Fithian, the centenarian of Green-

wich. Their eldest son, Charles Beatty Fithian, was a life long resident of the village. His well preserved old homestead is on the main street, south of the public school house at the turn of the road. Two of his children are still living; Mr. Samuel R. Fithian and Mrs. Emily Fithian Lawrence.

The place was bought in 1812 by James Flannigan, the father of Mrs. Mulford, who, with a sister residing in Bridgeton, was born in the old homestead. When purchased by Mr. Flannigan, the house was considered old, with large chimneys and all the old time arrangements; they made alterations, but parts of the house remain the same as in revolutionary times.

Samuel R. Fithian, a nonegenarian, says there has been no apparent change in the house since he was a boy.

Then the old house is historic.

We have been informed by the late Mary C. Fithian, that her uncle repeatedly told her and others, that those brave young men, who asserted the spirit of independence, before it was declared by the colonies in 1776, by their action in destroying the tea of the East India Company, stored at Greenwich, met at Philip Vickers Fithian's home on the evening of December 22, 1774, to make their final arrangements.

The young patriots from Cohansey Bridge, Fairfield and elsewhere, meeting at the Howell homestead near Shiloh, joined the Greenwich party at the Fithian home,

which was environed by field and forest and sufficiently retired to prevent their plans from being known to the villagers, to whom the burning of the tea that eventful night, came as a surprise.

It is said upwards of forty participated in this daring deed. Their names are not all known, but those who are, were mostly past their majority and members of families of influence and standing.

The following list has been preserved:

Ebenezer Elmer,	James B. Hunt,	David Pierson,
Timothy Elmer,	John Hunt,	Stephen Pierson,
James Ewing,	Andrew Hunter, Jr.	Henry Seeley,
Thomas Ewing,	Joel Miller,	Josiah Seeley,
Joel Fithian,	Alexander Moore, Jr.	Abraham Sheppard,
Philip V. Fithian,	Ephriam Newcomb,	Henry Stacks,
Lewis Howell,	Silas Newcomb,	Silas Whittaker.
Richard Howell,	Clarence Parvin,	

CHAPTER VII.

The Ward House.

There is an old colonial house at the head of Greenwich, north of the Presbyterian Church. The larger part remains, while the lower part had so changed in the lapse of time, that it has been torn down and is in ruins.

It has long been known as the home of the eminent centenarian, Dr. Enoch B. Fithian. The house is a roomy wooden structure, but in style was built similar to the old brick houses in Cumberland County. There were two front doors facing the street; the path from the gate led to the door that entered the sitting room, where you usually found the aged Doctor, ever ready to extend a hand of welcome to relative, friend, neighbor or whoever chanced to call. A few steps from the sitting room admitted you to the hall, where there was an entrance to the large parlor; back of the parlor, two rooms, the doctor's medical office and bedroom; a front entrance in the hall, and a stairway leading to the floor above.

Adjoining the sitting room, was a large shed with a brick floor, from which you entered a stone kitchen at the

rear of the house. In front of the house stand two tall stately sycamore trees of many years growth.

Having a personal conversation with the late Dr. Fithian regarding the house, he said it was built by Dr. Samuel Ward. In reviewing the pages of history, we learn that Dr. Ward was born in the State of Connecticut, in the year 1736. He commenced the practice of medicine in Greenwich, about the year 1760, so conclude the house was built about that time. He was a man of greater intelligence than the physicians who preceded him. His skill



Courtesy of the Bridgeton Pioneer.

THE WARD HOUSE.

as a surgeon made a favorable impression upon the citizens and he soon became the established physician of the community.

He was an ardent lover of his country, sometimes writing and publishing papers regarding the political agitations of the time. He possessed the qualification of a gentleman and it was said of him, he was the real Christian. The purport of these words are ever the key note to a harmonious and successful life. His practice became extensive and his exposure to the elements traveling altogether by horseback is thought shortened his days. A short walk from the old house takes you to the cemetery where a massive tablet has been erected over his remains with the following inscription:

Memorial
of
Samuel Ward,
Who departed this life
February 27, 1774,
In the 38 year of his age.
This inscription
Is a small tribute to the memory of
The once humane, generous and just,
The uniform friend,
The tender husband,
The assiduous and successful physician,
The lover of his country,
and the
Real Christian.
The last end of the good man is peace.

Very little is known of the physicians of Greenwich that preceeded Dr. Ward. It is thought their medicines were principally if not wholly derived from the vegetable kingdom, and many of the Indian remedies were used in their practice.

Dr. Ward married Phebe Holmes, the daughter of Jonathan Holmes, who was a prominent member of the old Greenwich Church.

Philip Vickers Fithian, was granted a leave of absence, May 1774, while teaching in Virginia, to visit his "dear old home in Cohansey." *

He travelled the distance on horseback, the principal mode of travel before the Revolutionary War. He called on Mrs. Ward soon after arriving, and found her distressed and sorrowing after her late beloved husband, who had died a few months previous. He attended the Greenwich Church the following Sabbath and dined with Mrs. Ward, in the old homestead.

Reader leave the present age and go back with me, one hundred and thirty-three years, and in spirit attend service in that small brick church, that cool May morning. It was within sight and only a short distance from Mrs. Ward's residence. The young and tender leaves on the trees around the church and throughout the county had been blackened by the cold; it was thought the fruit had been frozen beyond recovery, and probably the flax too.

*Philip V. Fithian's journal, while tutor in Virginia, has been published by The Princeton Historical Association, Princeton, N. J., 1900.

Mr. Fithian writes he saw, handled and measured ice two inches thick the fifth day of May, and a considerable quantity of snow fell the day previous.

The dimensions of the church were thirty-four by forty-four feet. Pews around the walls and benches in the central area. There were galleries reached by stairways outside. It is the communion season; we can almost hear their solemn vows and hymns of love and praise as with bowed heads, they partook of the broken emblems of the Holy Sacrament, administered by Rev. Andrew Hunter and his assistant elders. In their worship they were renewing allegiance to their crucified King, and praying for freedom from the British yoke. The people of the colonies were being imposed upon by oppressive taxation, by King George and his Parliament, whose subjects they were. There were dark ominous war clouds threatening the country to crush the spirit of freedom and patriotism which was so nobly demonstrated in Andrew Hunter, his parishioners and the citizens of Cumberland County. The Greenwich Church was thought the largest and most imposing in South Jersey, when completed in 1751. In 1740 when the celebrated Whitefield came to Cohansey, the building could not contain the people, so they assembled in the forest north-east of the church. Benjamin Franklin, who is said to have been the most illustrious American of the past, tells us he had a loud clear voice and articulated his words so perfectly, he could be heard and understood

at a great distance, preaching to thousands in the open air. It has been stated there were three thousand in the Greenwich gathering.

To-day the tomb of Andrew Hunter, with its moss covered tablet, is keeping the ground sacred where the old church, built and dedicated to the worship of God by the early settlers, stood for many years. Mr. Hunter, after preaching for thirty years within its walls, fell a victim to dysentery in 1775, and was buried beneath the middle aisle, near the pulpit. If you have time and patience to read the darkened stones that encircle the tomb, you will find such names as Maskell, Ewing, Fithian, Brewster, Holmes, Bacon, Brown, Dennis and many others, who were members and supporters of the old church, all gathered around him in death.

“Time, as with magic wand
Changes all,
Builds aloft and
Makes to fall.”

In 1775 Mrs. Ward married Dr. Moses Bloomfield, who was a practitioner of medicine of Woodbridge, New Jersey. He was a man of culture and of fine appearance, and considered one of the best physicians of his day. He filled many prominent positions of trust and honor during his life time. His opinion was highly valued and much sought after in civil and church matters. “He was named a trustee in the charter of the Presbyterian Church 1756,

30th year of his reign of George II. Also a trustee named in the charter by George III, of free school lands in Woodbridge, New Jersey." He first married Miss Ogden, of Elizabethtown and by this union several children were born; the eldest son, Joseph Bloomfield, became Governor of New Jersey. We read the following inscription on his tombstone in the cemetery at Woodbridge:

"In memory of Dr. Moses Bloomfield, forty years a physician and surgeon in this town, senior physician and surgeon in the Hospital of the United States. Representative in the Provincial Congress and General Assembly. An upright Magistrate. Elder of the Presbyterian Church. Born December 4, 1729, died August 14, 1791, in his 63rd year. 'Tim. 1: 12. I know in whom I have believed.' "

His widow survived him and was buried by the side of her first husband, Dr. Ward, in the Greenwich cemetery. A large tablet was erected to her memory with this inscription:

A
Memorial
of

Phebe Bloomfield,
Daughter of Jonathan Holmes, Esq.

In June 1766 she married Doct Ward of Greenwich & survived her husband. Was again married to Doct Bloomfield of Woodbridge in 1775, whom she survived & departed this life after a tedious & severe illness on

the 29th of August, 1820, in the 82nd year of her age. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church of Bridgeton, upward of 12 years, and was esteemed by all her connections and acquaintances.

Our age to seventy years is set
 How short the time, how frail the state
 And if to eighty we arrive,
 We rather sigh and groan than live.

We read the epitaphs and take the path back to the deserted house. We are loath to leave it, not because there is any particular style or beauty in the architecture of the old colonial building, but because in the olden time, it has been the home of and frequented by such excellent people. Real men, noble men of culture and intellect, whose very manhood was uplifting to humanity about them. Men who served not only God and their country, but their fellow men. It has been justly said that the early physicians of Cumberland County were "Martyrs to the cause of humanity," and were they not? In their daily professional calls they never knew the luxury of an easy, cushioned, covered conveyance, but were obliged to travel on horseback many miles through the tall forests, following the Indian paths from one lonely clearing to another; not only exposed to the summer's heat and winter's cold, but the stormy wind and driving rain. The storms and darkness often compelling them to seek shelter for the night in the pioneer's log cabin, or wherever it could be found.

These exposures induced fatigue and colds which consigned them to an early grave. They lived life's little day, but as Carlyle tells us, "they cast forth their acts, their words into the ever living, ever working universe, and they are seed grains that will flourish after a thousand years have passed."

Then the old house is interesting because it was the home in later years of Dr. Enoch B. Fithian, whom some of us were permitted to know in the evening of his life. Time had whitened his hair and furrowed his brow and he had retired from active professional labor—after rendering his fellowman a service of forty-one years—when the writer first remembers him. His practice covered a large area, and he was the leading physician among his fellow practitioners. He filled honorable positions in the Medical Societies of state and county. His mode of travel was a covered two wheeled vehicle called a gig. It was drawn by one horse with a motion so irregular, that it would contrast strangely with the handsome rubber tired carriage used by the physician to-day.

Much has been said and written of this remarkable man, who attained the great age of one hundred years and six months. He was born May 10, 1792, and died November 15, 1892. There is no epitaph with the inscription upon the monument that marks his burying place, like the earlier physicians; his great modesty forbade it. But we who knew him saw embodied in the man, goodness, moral

courage, the old time gentleman and the Christian. Then he was a great store house of knowledge, having lived through one hundred eventful years, and being an intelligent observer, he imparted to others as occasion demanded.

The writer remembers taking tea with Dr. Fithian and his niece, the late Mary C. Fithian, when the day previous the news had flashed across the wires from Europe, that Pope Pius IX was deceased. The Doctor—being three days the eldest—had lived contemporary with him, and had been a close observer in the eventful periods in the history of papacy while he occupied the papal chair. He spoke of his many reforms which did much for the advancement and improvement of the city of Rome and its institutions. He spoke of his physical weakness, and his activity in attending personally to all public affairs, civil as well as ecclesiastical of his office. When we left the old homestead we had a better insight into the life of the late Pope than if we had read his biography.

The church and community are indebted to him for collecting and preserving the records of its past history.

We take one look at the yard and garden where the modest lillies of the valley grew in profusion, and every returning spring sent up their spiral like snowy blossoms, and made the air fragrant with their sweet and delicate odor at the time of the aged Doctor's birthday anniversary, and were eagerly sought after by many of the guests in attendance. We leave the old deserted house and go away, for

“Life and thought here no longer dwell.”

Another house with an interesting history in the same locality of the Ward house, was the Hunt homestead. It stood south of the church and was destroyed by fire about twenty years ago. The house was two stories high with five rooms on the first floor, with large open fire-places, high mantels and every old time arrangement. The parlor contained a Franklin stove. The Hunts were of Scotch Irish ancestry and one of the old families of Cumberland County.

Robert Hunt, the first known by that name, settled in Shiloh and married Rebecca the daughter of Isaac and Hannah Barret Ayars, a grand-daughter of Robert Ayars, the first settler of Shiloh.

This house was the homestead of James B. Hunt, a grand-son of Robert Hunt, who, with his brother John, were among the historic tea burners that eventful night in 1774. James Hunt was a soldier in the Revolutionary War; he was in the battle of Trenton, and later in life became a judge of the County Court. He married Sarah, daughter of Maskell Ewing.

Their sons, Thomas Ewing and Reuben Hunt, were influential citizens of Greenwich and active members of the Presbyterian Church, Thomas serving as elder for many years. They were farmers; Reuben cultivating his father's farm, and living and dying in the homestead. It was also the home of his daughter, Mrs. Eliza Kellogg, nearly her

entire life.

There are two descendants of the family still in Greenwich. Mrs. Ruth Wallace, a daughter of Mrs. Kellogg, who resides very near where the old house stood, and Thomas E. Hunt, son of Thomas Ewing Hunt, who is an extensive land owner and one of the most successful peach growers of Greenwich township.

CHAPTER VIII.

Maskell and Ewing Houses.

As you go to Bacon's Neck from North Greenwich, you find old houses along the roadside, a quarter of a mile or so apart, with a hundred acres, more or less, fronting, or back of the house, as the land has been cleared for cultivation.

The first house known to be colonial is the Maskell homestead, about a mile from Greenwich street. One look at the antiquated structure, with its moss covered gambrel roof, standing alone in its style of architecture, convinces one that it is the oldest house on the street and was built in the remote past; the high part built of brick and stone which are gradually crumbling, contain the original features. In olden times the house and farm were called "Vauxhall Gardens."

It was the custom of the early settlers to name their places of settlement; the name sometimes giving the place distinction throughout the country. As "Fenwick's Court" "Bacon's Adventure," "Tindall's Bowery," Watson's Runthrope" and "Holly Bourne."

It is supposed the Maskell property was named after the Vauxhall public gardens of Philadelphia, which no doubt were named after the famous Vauxhall public gardens in London, which were constituted after the restoration, (May 1660), and continued for nearly two centuries. They were situated in Lambeth opposite Millbank, near the Manor called Fulke's Hall, from which was derived Vauxhall.

Thomas Maskell, the emigrant, married Bythia Parsons in Connecticut in 1658. Their son settled in Greenwich, early in 1700, and built and lived in this old homestead. He was highly respected and became a man of much usefulness. He was one of the grantors of the site of the Presbyterian Church. We learn in 1709 he assisted in taking an inventory of Samuel Hedge's estate. He was a witness to Gabriel Davis' will, who died in 1714. He also witnessed and took inventory of Robert Robbins' estate, in 1715, and Jonathan Wood's in 1727. He died January 2, 1732.

Thomas Maskell, the third, was appointed sheriff by Governor Franklin, in 1769, holding the office for three years.

There are large tablets erected in the Presbyterian cemetery at Greenwich to the memory of Thomas Maskell the third, and his wife. If we read the inscriptions, it gives us an insight to the character of these noble people.

“Beneath this stone was buried the body of Thomas Maskell, Esq., who died September 9, 1803, in the 83rd year of his age. He spent a long life in the exercise of every domestic, and many public virtues, and exhibited a bright example of integrity, economy and Christian propriety of conduct. As he lived, so he died, in the faith of the Gospel of Christ, and with a lively hope of a Glorious Immortality, through the merits of his obedience and death.”

“His flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpets joyful sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in the Saviour’s image rise.”

“In the memory of Esther Maskell, relict of Thomas Maskell, Esq., decd., who died September 11th, 1805, in the 58th year of her age. She was an affectionate and condescending wife, a tender and indulgent parent, and a bright pattern of domestic virtue, and economy. As a professor of religion, was attendant and devout, and died in the faith of Jesus Christ and lively hope of redemption through his blood.

Let surviving friends be solicitous in imitating her virtues, and follow her footsteps as she followed Christ and did good, and to improve their bereavement by diligent preparations for meeting her in a future state.”

“Hear what the word from heaven declares
To those in Christ who die,
Released from all their earthly cares,
They reign with him on high.”

An old plastered house stands a short distance north of the Maskell homestead. It was built by Jacob Harris, but is now the residence of James Butler. The interior of this house is of superior finish and the parlor originally contained an arched corner cupboard, which was removed in after years.

The next house south of the Maskell place is the Ewing homestead. Its modernized appearance, does not suggest to the observer, that a portion of the house was erected when our country was unborn as a republic, and under kingly rule. The east room and hall are known to have been in use for nearly 200 years. Thomas Ewing settled in Greenwich about the year 1718. He married Mary, daughter of Thomas Maskell, March 27, 1720. Her father gave her as a marriage portion, one hundred acres of land. Their house when first erected, stood near the south west corner of the cross-roads. In after years was moved farther south where it now stands, and the large parlor added which at the present time remains much the same, through the changes the years have made in the building.

The parlor still retains the old Franklin stove, which is used for heating the room. Benjamin Franklin says in his autobiography: "he invented in 1742 an open stove for the better warming of rooms." Governor Thomas was so pleased with the construction of the stove, that he offered him a patent for the sole vending of them for a term of years, but he declined from a principle, "as we enjoy ad-

vantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad of an opportunity to serve others with an invention of ours.”

They grew in favor and were used in very many houses in Pennsylvania and the neighboring states.

Finley Ewing, a Scotch Presbyterian, left Scotland with his wife Jane, during the religious oppressions, and settled in Londonderry, Ireland. For his bravery at the battle of Boyne Water, in 1690, he was presented with a sword by King William III. Thomas Ewing, their son, was born in Londonderry, and came to America on account of the troubles in Ireland and settled in Greenwich.

Thomas and Mary's eldest son was Maskell Ewing, born in 1721. He attained to much prominence in his neighborhood, being appointed to various offices; “in 1757 was Sheriff of Cumberland County, from which he retired in 1760. He was commissioned March 22d, 1762 one of the Surrogates for West Jersey, holding the office until 1776. He is said to have been County Clerk also, and Judge of the Common Pleas.”

He married Mary Paget, of English descent, in 1743. She was a woman of remarkable ability. There were ten children born to them and this energetic woman, made their clothing from the flax and wool raised on the farm, besides house linen and bedding, candle making, cheese making for market, raising poultry, and all ordinary housework without any assistance, only as her young daughters grew

to aid her. It is said she read many good books in the evening by placing them on her lap while her hands applied the knitting needles. "And on the Sabbath, a folio Flavel, the Institute of Calvin, and her Bible were the treasures in which her soul delighted."

If we could lift the veil that hides the past of this old home, we would see much simplicity in food and costume, and what we deem necessities in the present age, would have been great luxuries to that household.

While her husband was battling with nature's field and forest, preparing pastures to be clothed with flocks and herds; this noble woman was keeping the home life and was planting the seeds of practical industry, integrity and economy. Woman's domestic love and training make the home, and homes and mothers largely determine the career of the children. If the mother's domestic ideal is high, pure and noble, her children will rise up and call her blessed, and her influence goes on down the ages and never dies. But when fashion and the modern club rule the life of the mother to the neglect of the home, sad will be the consequence to our social, industrial and civil life.

There was the strictest economy among the early settlers. In a Quaker settlement of one of our neighboring states, for a number of years there was only one pair of boots; they were owned by one of the leading families, and were loaned by the true spirit of "ye olden time" to the

neighbor, who was going to the city or on a journey.

A single great coat has been known to serve the community on such occasions. Only one blanket was used before Christmas, two after, giving us an idea of the bodily hardness of the early settler.

Maskell Ewing died in 1796. The children of Maskell and Mary Paget Ewing filled places of honor, and some of the sons were prominent figures in the history of the past, filling important positions in the state and country.

Their son, Dr. Thomas Ewing, was born January 13, 1748. In his boyhood he attended the classical school of Rev. Enoch Green, at Deerfield, and afterwards studied medicine under the direction of Dr. Samuel Ward, of Greenwich. He married Sarah Fithian, daughter of Samuel and Abigail Fithian. They moved to Cold Spring, Cape May, where he practiced medicine until after Dr. Ward's death, then settled in his practice.

He was one of the disguised Indians in the famous "Tea Party" at Greenwich. When the Revolutionary War began, he was commissioned surgeon of a brigade to be raised in the lower counties. He was appointed by the Legislature, and commissioned Major of the 2d battalion of the Cumberland regiment, commanded by Col. David Potter.

He was present at the disastrous retreat from Long Island, and narrowly escaped being captured. He made several voyages during the war with Captain Collins, making successful captures. In 1781 he was elected a member

of the State Legislature; his health rapidly declined and he died October 7, 1782.

The stone that marks his grave in the Presbyterian Church yard in Greenwich bears this inscription:

Thomas Ewing, Esq.,
Surgeon,
and
Practitioner in Physic,
After having served his country
With fidelity and reputation,
In a variety of important offices
Civil and Military.
Died highly beloved
And much lamented,
Oct. 7, 1782,
In the 35th year of his age."

He had two children; Samuel, who died young and William Bedford Ewing, who became a prominent physician of Greenwich.

Another son, Maskell, born January 30, 1758, was elected Clerk of the Assembly before he was twenty-one and moved to Trenton to attend the duties of the office, where he remained for twenty years. He was Recorder in Trenton for sometime. In 1803 he moved to Philadelphia, then to Delaware County, Pennsylvania, representing the latter county in the State Senate for six years. He died August 25, 1825.

James Ewing, another son of Maskell and Mary Ewing, was a member of the "Tea Party." He was elected to the Assembly from Cumberland County in 1778, and took up his residence in Trenton in 1779.

He was the author of an ingenious "Columbian Alphabet," an attempt at a reformed system of spelling, which he explained in a pamphlet published in Trenton in 1798. He was Mayor of Trenton 1797—1803. He died October 23, 1823. His only son, Charles Ewing, born in 1780, was Chief Justice of New Jersey 1824—1832, dying in office.

In after years the Ewing homestead came into the possession of Ercurious Sheppard, and later Ebenezer Harmer. Then it was owned by Wilmon Bacon, who exchanged with Silas Glaspey for a farm near Sheppard's Mills—one was tired of clay and the other of sand—so they agreed to change farms. It remained in the possession of the Glaspeys for a long time. During their ownership the house was said to be haunted. Many changes were made by the different owners by enlarging and adding rooms. The back part of the house was rebuilt by William Glaspey. In an upper west room was a door opening into a north room. When Mr. Glaspey rebuilt the north room he had no use for the door, but built against it, leaving it with its old heavy hinges and bolts. It would open about two inches against the wall of the next room, and persons sleeping in this room are said to have seen a dear little

Quaker lady come from behind this door and stand at the foot of the bed, but since the place has become the property of Warren Butler, who has thoroughly renovated and modernized the house, and Mrs. Butler, the real Quaker lady presides in loving and gentle dignity in the home, the illusive Quaker lady has not been seen.

Charles Ewing, the only descendant of Thomas Ewing, that bears the name who resides in the Ewing homestead on Greenwich street, has named this old house, "Resurrection Hall," for after a lapse of years it is remodelled and stands among the other houses on the street as though it wholly belonged to the present age.

The Ewings in the past were quite numerous in the village, and erected a number of houses, some of them entirely gone, and have passed into oblivion, while a few still remain.

A house on the Bacon's Neck road from lower Greenwich, where Ephraim Bacon resided for years, and later followed by his son, Theodore, is said to have been built by one of the Ewing brothers and dates back toward colonial days. The house was built with heavy doors and hinges, some of them having the old time latch string. The large, white stone plastered house on Bacon's Neck road, owned for many years by Samuel Fithian, and later by his son, Josiah, was built by George Ewing.

The old frame house west of the Wood residence, and near the railroad, is said to have been built by James

Ewing. These two houses date back to the time of the colonies, and are in a fair condition and still habitable.

There are roads leading from Bacon's Neck to Stathem's Neck in a westerly direction. This neck of land is bordered by the marsh and waters of Stow Creek River, which empties in the Delaware near Bay Side.

Stathem's Neck comprises very fertile farms. The first known settler was Thomas Stathem, who paid quit-rents for the land as early as 1690, along with Mark Reeve, Obadiah Holmes, Samuel Bacon, Joseph Dennis and others, for land in Cohansey precinct; these quit-rents were collected for the heirs of Fenwick, and were paid yearly, according to the number of acres each owned.

The brothers, Philip and Zebulon, soon followed Thomas in settling in the same locality. Zebulon was a carpenter as well as a yeoman, and he and his brother Philip bought 600 acres of John Smith, of Salem County, December 31, 1698.

The Stathems became very numerous from these three progenitors, and the neck still bears their name.

Thomas Stathem in his will provided for an old negro servant in the family by leaving him £40.

The Stathem's brick colonial house is still standing on a back road leading to Flax Point, and is owned by Isaac Ridgeway.

There is a tradition handed down from generation to generation concerning this old house. It is said to have

secretly held gold, taken in traffic with the British during the Revolutionary War.

At that period it was the home of one Philip Stathem who was a Tory. Having herds of cattle, he would kill and dress them during the day, and when the gathering darkness covered land and river, would take the dressed meat by boat, to the British vessels which were foraging along the Delaware and its tributaries. He received payment in gold. When returning home he would raise the shelf of the high mantel over the fire-place, which was constructed on hinges, and empty his coin.

The late Dr. Thomas E. Stathem purchased a part of the ancestral tract of land and did much to beautify the surroundings by setting out fruit trees.

It remained in his possession during his life time. The only descendants at the present time in Greenwich Township, are David J. Stathem, the well known merchant of North Greenwich, and Miss Lizzie Woodruff, whose mother was a sister to the late Dr. Thomas E. Stathem.

CHAPTER IX.

Old Houses.

On the straight road to Roadstown, from North Greenwich, we find two story brick houses. They are finely situated on high ground, facing the street, with hundreds of fertile acres around them.

The house farthest north is dated 1783, with the initials "B. R. R." engraved with the date. The time of building and the initials were sometimes wrought with bricks of different colors, and sometimes shown by letters and figures in iron on the front. This property was in the possession of Josiah Harmer, about seventy years ago; then later was bought by the Woods of Philadelphia. It is now owned by Frank Lupton. The living room is commodious and opens into a large shed on the eastern side, and an inviting porch on the western, shaded by a roof attached to the house. A few steps from the main living room lead to the higher part on the first floor, where are two pleasant rooms facing the street, with an outer entrance from the east room, where we find another restful porch.

Another brick house a short distance south of the Lupton house, is dated 1786. It was originally a Tyler homestead. The Tylers were numerous in the village in the past, but at present there is no resident by that name who is a descendant of the old families. There is property owned in the township, by the sons of the late John Tyler, who have moved elsewhere. One noticeable feature of this house is an old English hall extending through the middle, with an entrance north and south; when thrown open to the southern breezes of a hot summer day, it is cool and inviting.

The most striking feature of many of the better dwellings of colonial architecture in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the wide open passage or hall in the middle of the house, entered directly on passing the main entrance. Here the family sat to receive guests, and were sometimes scenes of festivity. They were said to be a "relic of the primitive undivided Anglo-Saxon dwelling." William Penn built a large hall in the centre of his mansion on his manor at Pennsbury, here he met his council and held parleys with the Indians.

In the past a row of Lombardy poplars graced the road, fronting this old house.

It is said William Penn set the fashion of planting them along country roads. At present the farm and home is owned by Edward Lloyd.

From the highest hills of these rolling farms, there are

fine views of the bay and river. When the many trees that intervene have disrobed their livery of green, and the mists of the morning have rolled away, much of the shipping can plainly be seen. The water and sky seem to be in close proximity to each other, and the high masted schooners look to be piercing the clouds.

A gentleman from the eastern part of the state was riding for the first time over the road through these hills to the village, when the atmospheric conditions were favorable for clear views of the bay and river. He saw the bay along the southern horizon, and the river along the western. He exclaimed, "I would not live in the village under any condition," for said he "The waters will some day submerge this whole section of country."

But hath not "He divided the sea with His power, and hath compassed the waters with bounds" until the end of light with darkness. "The Lord of Hosts is his name."

"Then at night the beacon's glow
Over tides that ebb and flow,—
Over shoals of silver sand
By the salt sea breezes fanned,—
Pinning fast her sable gown
With a star, above the town."

There are four lights that can be distinctly seen from the light houses, from these hills.

One is "Old Cohansey" light, which is situated on the marsh at the mouth of Cohansey River, near the

junction of Delaware Bay and River. This light guides the mariner over the bay and two rivers.

Another is "Ship John" light,—which apparently stands in the middle of the bay. Sometime during the eighteenth century, a vessel by the name of John, after a thrilling experience with the ice, was wrecked by striking a shoal near the site of this light house.

The government made a foundation of stone, then erected an iron light house at a cost of \$200,000 for the future preservation of its shipping. Through the courtesy of the late Capt. George W. Sloan, the writer was enabled to visit this interesting light house. Capt. Sloan was engaged during the Civil War in transporting supplies for the government, from Philadelphia to Washington, D. C. and other places. He commanded the *Atlas* and *Swallow* and other steamers. Upon retiring from active service he spent the evening of his days in the village of Greenwich.

The two other lights that can be seen from the hills are Duck Creek and Reedy Island.

About a half mile from Edward Lloyd's residence, on the road to the cross roads leading to Stow Creek township and the city of Salem, stands an old brick house, which was originally another Tyler homestead. It is similar in architecture to the other brick houses in this locality and was erected about the same time. The homestead and farm of about three hundred acres of productive land—a portion of it skirting the waters of the mill pond—is owned

at the present time by Capt. Charles Miller. About midway between the two Tyler homesteads, on the hillside, stood a colonial house in by gone years. It was known as the Tomlinson homestead, the birthplace of Mrs. Rebecca Jones, (whose maiden name was Tomlinson), who is a resident of the village. About the time of the Civil War, the place became the property of Newbold Reeves, a Quaker, who removed the old house and erected a large, attractive residence upon the site. The home and farm are now owned by Mary Bacon Watson, a lineal descendant of Samuel Bacon, the first settler of Bacon's Neck, and the place is known in the village as Hillside Farm.

There have been other colonial houses along the roadside, nearer the village than the last mentioned, one stood near the residence of Mrs. Hannah Edwards, and another on the site of the home of Charles Watson, formerly owned by Robert Ayars. There are others that have been entirely obliterated from the landscape, and for a time ruins of an old well, or a clump of lilac bushes, hinted to the passing traveller, that an old house had been near, but time with its revolving seasons and passing years is ever changing the landscape scene, and all physical and material substances, and yearly waving grain or grass covers the home of many an early settler.

There is a group of three interesting old houses on the main street, in the vicinity of the Presbyterian parsonage. They stand on the right side of the street as you travel

south.

The first building was erected for a Methodist Church, and was built on the south side of Pine Mount. With the tide of emigration, there came very few Methodists, so a church of that faith could not be supported. It was sold to the Hicksite Quakers, and removed to the main street. The building contained two stories, with a stairway on the outside. The first floor was used for Quaker Meeting, and the second for a private school. About a half century ago it was moved across the street farther north, and transformed into a dwelling, and the present brick Quaker Meeting House erected where it formerly stood.

The next house south, is the Williams' homestead. The progenitor of the family raised in this home, of whom there are descendants in Greenwich and other places in Cumberland County, was a son of a planter in the Island of San Domingo. He came to Greenwich in a vessel when a young lad, fleeing from the insurrection in that Island in 1800. His name was Jean Jacques Couer Deroi. He changed his name to William Williams,—possibly after the signer of the Declaration of Independence by that name from Connecticut. He was much respected by the citizens of Greenwich, dying at the ripe age of seventy-nine years, October 22, 1869. His widow, Easter Williams, survived him and lived to be a nonagenarian.

The third or last house of the group is the old Stewart home and is in possession of Mrs. Sallie Young, a descend-

ant of the family.

As we go farther south, on the left side of the street we find a large wooden house that is thought to be one hundred years old. It is owned by William Test, who formerly lived there. It is the nearest house to the Hick-site Quaker Meeting House, and has always been the home of Quaker families. Farther down the street at the turn of the road stands another house that is a century old. Seventy-five years ago it was the home of Joseph and Cynthia Sheppard. It has been enlarged and modernized and is now the pleasant home of Howard and Sarah Mulford Hancock. There are other old houses in the village and a few colonial houses in the township, that the writer is not familiar with and failing to obtain their history, has not mentioned them in this work.

All along the crooked reaches of the river and scattered through "Old Cohansey," now Cumberland County, stand old houses; some in the last stages of decay; others so substantially built, they reveal to us in a measure the character of the builder.

"As the creation of a thousand forests are in one acorn," so the creation of many lives, and our own, came through the victory the early settler gained by his energetic struggle with the forest, the soil, the climatic dangers and the Indian.

The wheels of progress move steadily onward in Times' rushing current, and as man develops the latent God given

powers within him, he leaves his crude beginnings and makes better conditions. He has but to look around and beneath him, to see nature's bountiful resources for material, and we see evolved from the primitive one roomed log cabin, with its oiled paper opening to admit rays of light, the stately many roomed mansion, with windows of clearest crystal, through which the sunlight penetrates the entire building. If man follows the highest light within him, which is as a fixed star steadily shining, though clouds with their shadows sometimes seem to obscure it, his end is peace, and he is crowned with glory and honor, "and his works do follow him."

Greenwich with its old time houses, holds an enviable position in "Old Cumberland." The sons and daughters of the old town who have gone forth from these homes into a larger sphere of action, have always been able to look back with reverent pride to the place of their birth, with its traditions and historical associations.

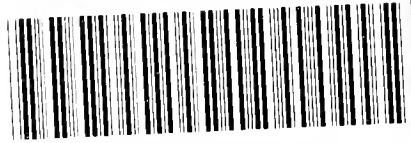
By an act of legislature, provision has been made for a monument, which will soon be erected to commemorate the burning of East India tea, December 22, 1774, by its liberty loving citizens.

To-day "Old Cohansey," (of which during the eighteenth century, Greenwich, with its broad streets, churches and schools was the principal place), now Cumberland County, with its cities, towns and villages, is pulsating with life and modern progress. Of the country's

marvelous growth, Greenwich has had little share, but during all the years has maintained its reputation for industry, intelligence and generosity.

With more than two centuries of existence and honorable record, as a crown of honor, we still find within the borders of this ancient town, as of yore, peaceful and happy homes, where the old time hospitality prevails; and on its rich productive farms, we hear the rustle of corn and murmur of the brook, which is as sweet music to our ears as to our forerunner the Indian, who loved nature's gladness.

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